

By LUDOVIC HALEVY
Condensation by Charles E. L. Wingate

HALEY

Ludovic Halevy, French author, was born in Paris on the first of January, 1824. His father was a clever, versatile writer: a verse, a prose, a comedy and a drama; he was known as "Monsieur Halevy" for many years associated with the opera; hence his Jewish and early connection of Ludovic with the Parisian stage. At the age of 16 he might have been seen working in the "Foyer de la Danse" with which he was to make his readers so familiar.

Halevy joined the ranks of the French administrative officials, holding various posts the last being that of secretary-adjutant to the corps législatif. In that capacity he served the second part of the republic, the famous day of Marry, the president of the assembly.

In the spring of 1959, being commissioned to write a play for the manager of the Varieties, Halsey asked the then-timeless Melville if the proposed play was immediately accepted, thus beginning a connection which continued for more than 26 years.

The joint work of the two authors has a great vogue, but Halsey is best known to recent readers for his "Labs" Constantine, published soon after the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian war.

It has been claimed that Zola had presented to the public, an almost exclusive

[illegible]

to extend their benevolence among the poor in the hamlet, asking him indeed to be their medium. And it delighted him to learn that those stories about begging in the street and questionable life were mere calumnies.

And when, one day, they all went to the church, and Bettina at the organ played a *revenir* of Chopin, good, noble, able, Cosima's heart was filled with the joy that the tears came in her eyes.

But all this left a deep problem in her mind. The very vision of the littlesters is the prettiest.²³ At first he was convinced that it was the coquettishness. So he named him *Coquett*. But, no, then he would name him *Smiling* and blushing and the stund-

So, in the confusion of his meditations, he would say, "Is it possible that I have fallen madly in love at first sight? No; one might fall in

The days went on and Jean and Bettina were often thrown into each other's company. What resulted is best pictured in Miss Perceval's own remark to her sister when one day she exclaimed:

"He is the first man, positively the first in whose eyes I have not read the word 'clad' I should be to marry that little blue's millions!"

And then as Mrs. Scott went down to her room, the other children settling remained long leaning on the valance of her balcony.

"What a man," she said, "that I'm growing to be very fond of this place!"

One day when Joan was telling of her expectations of promotion and the probability that he should wander from Garrison to Garrison finally to the United States, she said to her father, as an old colonel in half pay, she exclaimed:

"What a man!"

"Why quite alone? I certainly hope so."

"You intend to marry?"

"Because," he replied. "I think it is not to marry rather than to marry without love."
"And I think so, too."
She looked at him; he looked at

But now Jean is no longer tranquil; his impudence and at the same time his sorrow he sees the moment of his approaching approach. Yet how could he stay and resist the temptation of Bettina's charm?

As an honorable man Jean felt for Bettina's money-borers, positive horrors.

In Bettina's mind the sensation of love had come at the same time that had to Jean's. But while he, horrified, had come to himself, Bettina, on the contrary, had yielded in all the simplicity of her perfect innocence to this flood of emotion and of tenderness.

He tried to avoid Bettina at receptions and even to leave without say-

“If I touch her hand,” he thought, my secret will escape me.” His secret! He did not know that setting read his heart like an open book.

"I love you," I adore you," and that
why I will see you no more!" But
he did not utter them; he said
nothing. He was standing in the hall
driving a nail into the wall, and
taking no notice of the rain driv-
ing across her bare shoulders, watched
her. "I know very well that he loved
me," she thought, "but now I am
sure that I too—oh, yes! I too."
Meanwhile Jean hastens to his dear
friend the cure to tell him that
he has been away immediately to
Paris to seek exchange into another
gigant, to leave the little hamlet
where he had been so long. He con-
fessed to the abbe that he adored
Stella.

"This is madness which has seized
you," he exclaimed, "ah, if she were
only poor!"

"Do you know what I think, Jean?"

"And I believe it, too; but that is
 reason why I must go. Her money
 is the great thing."
 "At that moment someone knocked
 gently at the door.
 "It was Mrs. Huxtable.
 "Going directly to Jean she cried,
 "Oh, how kind I am you are here."
 "She then turned to the hands in
 the glass and addressing the cure she
 said, "I have come to beg you, mon-
 sieur, to cure, to listen to my con-
 sideration."
 "And to herself she was saying, "I
 wish to be loved." "I wish to love."
 "I wish to be happy and to be
 happy!" and she cannot have the
 courage to say it. "I must have the
 courage to say it."
 "I am rich, monsieur to cure," she
 continued, aloud, "very rich, but I

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SHOULD TAKE DIETARY PHOSPHATE

SHOULD TAKE BIT RO-PHOSPHATE

Phosphorus is essential to the life of every cell in the body. It is the basis of the energy of the body and the basis of the nerve force and to enrich the blood."

∴ Patter And Chatter ∴

BEFORE he came to make me glad
I fear I did not always care



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By K. C. B.

EAR K. C. B.—Will you kindly tell me why a perfectly healthy and fairer

for the home.

DEAR Jean,
HAVING THE blues.
THAT COULD be bad.
IN JUST doing something.

OR THREE or four weeks
ND GET blue again.

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Catarrhal Deafness